

THE CHARITON COURIER,

C. P. VANDIVER, Ed. and Prop.
KEYTESVILLE, - MISSOURI.

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Keytesville as follows:

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No. 12 St. Louis Mail and Ex. 11:13 a.m.
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No. 22 Oberly Ac. Freight. 4:33 p.m.
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COUNTY OFFICERS.

Representative—Thos. P. Schoeller
Prosecuting Attorney—Jas. C. Wallace
Recorder—L. H. Herring, President
Fiduciary Co. Court—C. E. Allen, W. Dist.
County Clerk—Henry Hays, E. Dist.
County Court—R. D. Edwards
Judge of Probate—H. C. Minter
Probate Clerk—Thos. E. Meekay
Sheriff—J. E. Dempsey
Treasurer—A. L. Welch
Public Administrator—B. F. Moore
County Surveyor—Sam'l Carter
Coroner—Dr. G. M. Dewey
County School Commissioner—J. P. Coleman
Circuit Clerk—H. B. Richardson
Recorder—B. H. Smith

RELIGIOUS.

METHODIST CHURCH (South)—Rev. U. K. Shilling, pastor. Services Sabbath, morning and evening, and fourth Sunday night of each month. Sabbath-school every Sabbath morning at 9 o'clock. Prayer meetings Wednesday evenings.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. J. J. Squire, pastor. Preaching second Sunday in each month, morning and evening.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. H. C. Barton, pastor. Preaching, 2d and 4th Sundays in each month, morning and evening.

BENEVOLENT & LITERARY.

KEYTESVILLE LIBRARY—Mrs. John C. Miller, Librarian. Library open every Friday afternoon from 3 to 5.

WARREN LODGE, No. 74, A. O. U. W., no. 74, E. T. Miller, Master; L. D. Applegate, Secretary. Regular meetings Saturday evening, 7 o'clock.

WARREN LODGE, No. 177, A. O. U. W., no. 177, E. T. Miller, Master; L. D. Applegate, Secretary. Regular meetings 2d and 4th Tuesday evening, 7 o'clock.

WARREN CO. MEDICAL SOCIETY—Meets the 1st Thursday in each month at Salisbury.

SELECT KNIGHTS, A. O. U. W.—Meets 2d and 4th Friday evenings in each month. J. J. Moore, S. C.; K. H. Tidwell, R.

LAUREL LODGE, No. 245, Knights Pythias—C. C. Parks, Chancellor; Commander, C. Miller, Keeper of Records and Seal. Regular meetings every Friday evening.

KEYTESVILLE LODGE, No. 471, I. O. O. F.—J. Agne, Noble Grand; J. E. Dempsey, Grand; O. B. Anderson, Secretary. Regular meetings every Monday evening.

KEYTESVILLE TENT, No. —, K. O. T. M.—A. Collier, S. E. C. Meets every Thursday evening.

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Shaving, shampooing and hair cutting, everything neat and clean. Step right in, are next.

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ney at Law & Notary Public,

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Will practice in all the State Courts.

HOS. E. MACKAY,

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Collections Promptly Attended to.

Office with the Probate Judge.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that letters testam-

entary on the estate of Mary E. Johnson,

deceased, have been granted me by the probate

court of Chariton county, bearing date

January 21, 1895. All persons having

claims against said estate are required to

present them for allowance within one year

from date of said letters, or they may be

excluded from having any benefit of said

estate, and if such claims are not presented

within two years they shall be forever barred.

J. J. MOORE, Executor.



THE TOWER OF MALTA

W. JOHNSON.

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CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

The clergyman nodded his head

gently. Possibly he was amused by

the vicinity of the Ancient Mariner.

Then the inhabitants of the island

gathered on the beach to receive the

shipwrecked stranger, and made a

fire of fagots to warm the poor crea-

tures. How nice and kind of them!"

said Mrs. Griffith in her mellow, sym-

pathetic voice.

"Paul abode here for three months,

the Roman centurion having refused to

slay the prisoners under his charge to

prevent their escape," added the cler-

gyman, restoring the Testament to his

pocket. "Truly, God will work in a

mysterious way His wonders to per-

form."

"All this land must have belonged

to the Publius whose father was

healed of fever by the Apostle,"

mused Miss Symthe, pointing to the

shore with her red silk parasol.

"How awfully clever you are to

know all about it!" whispered Lieut.

Curzon, while his glance plainly sup-

plemented: "How well you are look-

ing to-day!"

The young lady smiled with a cer-

tain calm complacency. Her sailor

ant was bound with a blue ribbon,

which imparted a youthful charm to

her delicate features, while her slender

figure was clad in a white dress with an

amre belt, and wide, mariner's collar,

embroidered with anchors. She was

subtly aware that the masculine gaze

rested on her with satisfaction, and

even the elderly clergyman found her

beauty to Publius the more apt that

he was fair.

"As for the model of the ships of an-

tiquity, we find it on the coins of Com-

modus, Adrian, and Lucius Verus,"

said Capt. Fillingham, still contem-

plating the bay.

He turned suddenly to Arthur Cur-

zon, with a twinkle of sly humor in

his eye.

"Does your friend, Jacob Deatry,

happen to possess any good Roman

coins?"

"Don't know, I am sure; but I should

say not," retorted Lieut. Curzon,

stiffly.

Capt. Blake, who was attired in a

uniform of vivid scarlet, and a short

jacket which imparted an additional

glow to his sandy complexion, bushy

red mustache, and bulbous nose, tilted

his cap over his keen blue eyes.

"I have no more doubt of Jacob

Deatry's dealing in Roman coins than

that he has a pretty daughter," he

said, in a bantering tone.

The company laughed. Arthur Cur-

zon again started, and colored with

anger.

"You are mistaken," he retorted

lightly. "Jacob Deatry has no daughter,

as far as I am aware."

He was vexed, even startled, by the

swiftness of the emotion which swept



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ing a clear head at mess when feebl-

er brains had become hopelessly obscure

over the wine. Arthur Curzon be-

him in as odious a guise as did Charles

Lamb's erier of the thief; his plain ex-

terior exaggerated to monstrosity, as

his soul was capable of any evil in-

tellect. Youth is prone to extremes of

feeling, and the sailor was very young

in all matters of the heart.

"How very odd that I can not get

the name of Deatry out of my head!"

said the Ancient Mariner, removing

his hat, and suffering the warm breeze

to sweep over his bald cranium,

fringed with white locks. "When I

was in the field a man—"

"John, dear, p. t. on your hat, or you

will catch your death of cold," inter-

posed Mrs. Fillingham with her usual

decision of manner.

The lady was in the best of spirits.

She wore a hat of juvenile aspect and

a metal belt with a whole arsenal of

miniature daggers and pistols of silver

attached.

The Ancient Mariner slowly replaced

his hat, with an expression of offended

dignity. "I was about to remark, if

you will allow me to finish, Mary—"

"Yes, yes," rejoined his helpmate,

with her hurried lip, while her pale

blue eyes wandered abstractedly to-

ward the luncheon cloth spread on the

ground at some paces distant. "Mrs.

Griffith is waiting for us. Let me find

a nice sheltered corner for you, dear,

and some sherry. You must keep up

your strength, you know."

"Promise to preach us a sermon on

St. Paul at Malta," said Mrs. Griffith

to the clergyman.

The hostess felt that transition from

sacred to mundane matters might be

too abrupt without such a suggestion.

"Very good," he replied, smiling.

"I invite you all to my parish in Sur-

vey next summer to hear me preach

about St. Paul at Malta. I fancy the

ordal will prove a sufficient punish-

ment for all small peccadilloes. Promise

to lunch with me at the Vicar-

age afterward."

In the general assent Captain Blake

evinced marked fervor. Much desul-

try talk and laughter ensued, amid

the popping of corks and the discus-

sion of cold fowl and ham, sandwiches

and salad.

The Ancient Mariner, with a Scotch

plaid spread over his rheumatic knees,

a plate of jellied beef before him, and

a wine bottle at his elbow, had recov-

ered his amiability.

"Get married in the heyday of

youth," he admonished. "Every man

needs a wife to take care of him."

The clergyman, who was a widower,

sighed, and helped himself freely to

mustard. Miss Ethel Symthe sat on a

camp-stool, with Arthur Curzon on

her right hand, and Captain Blake on

the left.

The latter, investigating the depths

of a jar of potted tongue, remarked:

"The worst of it is, Malta is such a

beastly hole to be stationed in. There's

nothing whatever to do."

"I find it very jolly," said Arthur

Curzon. Thereupon he sang, in a fine

baritone voice, the ballad of Destiny.

kind, for which the modern fashion-

able girl, whether at home or abroad,

is often so remarkable. Woe betide

the innocent rival who should cross

the path of Ethel Symthe's purpose

and thwart her aims! The heroine of

many London seasons, deeply versed

in feminine wiles, had one of Mrs.

Barrett Browning's housewives in her

bosom, well stocked with sharp need-

les and pins of jealousy and spite,

ready to sting and prick a victim to

pain.

Capt. Blake betrayed no pique at

her defection, but entered upon a

lively political skirmish with Mrs.

Fillingham, who prided herself on her

conservative acumen of judgment. If

the captain was a social wasp, moved

at times to envy and malice, he

sleathed his little weapon on the

present occasion and gave no sign of

irritation.

"Friends in council aid me," said

Mrs. Griffith, eating a last bite with a

fine appetite. The Russian grand

duke has kindly promised to come to

me after dining with the governor.

Of course, there must be a ball. I

sent out the invitations this morning.

How shall we amuse his highness? I

have thought of some introductory

dramatic entertainment before the

dancing commences. Our time is very

short for preparations. What if we

had a series of tableaux representing

the early inhabitants of Malta receiv-

ing the royal guest?"

"Charming!" exclaimed Mrs. Fil-

lingham.

"Give him a Cossack supper and

show him our Crimean medals," sug-

gested Capt. Blake, facetiously.

Mrs. Griffith threatened him with

her finger. "I should require a beau-

tiful girl for the early Phœnician

type," she continued.

"I know of one," said Arthur Cur-

zon, impulsively.

"Do you, really? That makes all

the difference. Can you induce her to

pose for us, Arthur?"

"I will try," was the eager rejoinder.

Mrs. Griffith contemplated her cousin

with interest. Miss Symthe darted a

swift glance at him of surprise and in-

quiry.